

HOME READING.

Our Kind Old Mother Earth.

By NATHAN D. TURNER.

A. G. TURNER, after fierce pursuits

has sorely tried the brain,

twisted the nerves, or clutched the root

so hard with a grievous strain,

gave the Earth in her peace profound,

to her tender moments pass,

and one's soul on the graceful ground,

in the fragrant grass.

There is the spirit whose kindly law

and the laws of all that withdraw

the name of their strength had waned,

and in leaf, like the fields in flower,

we scatter our lives away;

and whispers us home at the twilight hour,

as we pass like a summer's day.

But, when, in her mantle's fold,

a sunrise shall draw thee near,

the cheek of the mother-void,

will press to her heart these vain

and age-wise delphic voice,

Ante nos, tunc quae wite rite again,

and along thy ways rejoice.

We breathing deep in the solemn woods,

in pulse in the deep's roar,

aensive smile in the solitude,

and her breaths, till her statly calm,

and around these fall,

the woods that were diped in gall.

Earth, earth, perchance a man

To see, to adore her son

The bright's pulse and flow;

Never from trouble, and care, and pain,

From the world's alarms,

I knelt for peace at her shrines in vain

And bated of her outstretched arms.

Mother Earth! How of feeling full,

As the sea of its waves, those words!

As the rim of rain, or a dreamy full

Along Eolian chords.

O first, last, and best;

and our friend from birth;

and, as you, and gave her breast—

A kind old Mother Earth!

Some Old Epitaphs.

(Eng.) Edmund Hobson, died viii

Aug. 1580.

In sooth art, with loving heart,

And ready, and think on me;

As I was, so now thou art,

And us, so thou art,

At Leeds, Kent (Eng.)

In memory of James Barlow, of this parish,

died Jan. 14, 1818, aged 92.

Who from the year 1744 to the year 1804

in Kent, and elsewhere, 112 peers; not less

than 100 changes; in each peer, and called Bois,

for most of the peers. And April 7, and 8,

assisting in ringing 40,320 Bob major in 27

At St. Mary's and St. Peter's, Pet. (Eng.)

George Thosbald, a lover of both,

The House, as this epithet tells;

Wished freely to grace the new steeples,

If we press, therefore, ye good people,

that 10. Martin. At. Dom. 1641.

Edward, Montgomeryshire (Wales); Jon David

Williams, 66, 50 June, 1859]

Under this yew-tree

Buried would he be,

Because his father he

Planted this new-tree.

The Pirate's Thumb.

(Concluded).

poor Monday was innocent after all,

said Fred," cried my brother. I was

so too pleased to care whether he was

for years after this remarkable and for

so recover, my brother Ned went out to

conduct our agency there, and

came a junior partner in the firm in Ab-

surd Lane. Ten months after my

brother's departure, I received the following

from him, dated, Kingston, Jamaica,

August, 1805.—

My Dear Brother,—

But I need scarcely recapitulate the com-

mon details of the prices of sugar and

with which the letter commenced. It

did thus:—

I have now something to tell you that will in-

tress you. We have been tormented for six

years by the want of a vessel to carry our

and fishing vessels, and once or twice

of the smaller merchant ships between

and Cuba, and New Orleans. The vessel was

commanded it was reported, by a negro, a run-

man-of-war's man,—a rascal of some parts,

of equal courage and cruelty. The moment a

vessel came within range, this blood-thirsty

rascal would hoist his black flag, pour in two or

or three broadsides, and then, with a

few grenades and bottles full of gun-

oil with a match in each, and leaping down

the tiered decks, sabre and knife in hand,

the moment they took a vessel this monster used

to nail down the hatches, put sentinels at the cabin

then call up the crew and passengers, one

at a time, and put them to various horrible deaths,

and the sort of thing went on for some time, till

we Kingston, the great, raw, savage

and most

Alfred Dawson, that's one of

magistrates hired one of the largest and

schooners that could be got at Puerto Rico,

and with a tremendous devil-may-care crew

runners from this island, and armed us to

to teeth. He then—very clever it was—turned

the vessel into a fire-ship, studded it full of powder

where if we were to set it afire, it would

burn down the town, and have us all

and our descendants live there, but

burned down in such numbers—Creoles, Me-

—Natives, Spaniards, Moors, straw hats, red

tearoom hats—that soon drove us to

the quarter-deck, with heavy loss to, worse our

illnesses and boarding-pikes as we might,—and

by Jove, we did, for our blood was now pretty

well up. Well, we were out-numbered, that's a

fact. The comedian had risen to his feet. He

kissed his hand to all and fell down.

The silence which had until now been

tense was broken. Laughter gushed from

a thousand throats like fresh water from a

new spring. "Jule is a good one," shouted a dozen.

"Get up, you lazy good-for-nothing," said

the ring-master, snapping his long whip.

The audience laughed that he should be

able to feign sleep so well.

"Get up, I say," said the ring-master to

another accompaniment of laughter.

"There," said I, pointing to a passing

scavenger's cart; "see that dirty fellow

and driving; so hard, so vicious, so crafty and

cruel. Do you know him?"

Ned did not, by any means.

himself; and who do you think this El Negro Capitano was?" "Why, our friend Monday—fact!" "Cesar Borga. I know him directly from the old medals of him shown me at the Museum by Mr. Vaux, only ten days ago. I couldn't mistake him. But hush, I see he does not wish to be recognized, and he has just stopped his cart at the Yorkshire Gray for a glass of gin."

Ned was quite right. Three years after this El Negro Capitano grew so desperate and troublesome to the Jamaica merchants, that three armed schooners were fitted out to follow him to the Tropics Key, the little sand island which Monday had fortified. The resistance was desperate, but two thirds of the pirates were eventually shot down, and he and four of his officers were taken, and sent to England for trial. I was afraid at the time of business; when I returned the trial was over, and Monday and his four comrades were swinging in chains at Blackwall Point. Mr. Mulford went to the trial, and recognized our black footman, who was scarred, ferocious, and desperate, but he was unable to obtain leave to visit him afterwards in the condemned cell. I saw from the paper that the villain fought desperately in the press room as he was being pinioned, and nearly strangled, two of the turnkeys and the hangman's assistant.

IV.—THE CROSSING NEAR THE BANK.

It was about three years after the trial that I and Ned just returned from Jamaica, were walking down Cheapside, full of talk of old friends and old times. I was propounding to his infinite amusement, an old eccentric theory of mine about transmigration—“divine as it called it.”

Ned came up again, I said, “depend upon it, Ned; same faces, same characters, with fresh bodies that all I met France the First yesterday, driving a Kensington bus—the long, big nose, small mouth, piggy eyes; he was pompous, gallant, and full of fight as ever. No use talking to him about that imprisonment in Spain, but the same man, Socrates—same nose, high cheek bones, high brow, look of coarse honesty—keeps a second-hand book shop in Holborn. I saw Henry the Eighth the other day at a butcher's door in Newgate Market. He's a Mormon now, and has written anti-papal pamphlets on Spiritual Wives. O, they come up again; they've only been hiding.”

Ned laughed, and said, “Mad as ever.” Then we agreed to call for Jones, a man we knew in Louthbury, and go and dine at Greenwich, at the Trafalgar; and so we did. We had the Dolphin room, and after dinner went out on the balcony to see the grand old river turn into Burghley in the sunset; then as twilight came on, the vessels and barges grow more spectral, and steal by in a ghostly fashion.

“Perhaps,” suggested Ned, as he sipped his claret, “these vessels are bringing back some of your divers. Suppose we find El Negro Capitano is cook on board a Merchant steamer? Be kind enough, old boy, to touch that bell. They've got very good wools.”

Monday said this, he drew from his long soiled scarlet waistcoat a small, greasy bag of gold, and pushed it into my hands. Tears sprang into my eyes; as for Ned, who was always more impulsive than my self, he walked away for about twenty yards, and then turned back obviously red about the eyes. We both shook Monday by the hand, and he grinned and danced round us, careless of the whole world beside.

“But, Monday,” said Ned, “severely, as if still almost doubting the truth, and looking scrutinizingly in Monday's face, “how did this—this murder in Jamaica, your turning pirate captain? Who was it, if it wasn't you who was tried at the Old Bailey, and now swinging in chains at Blackwall Point? Moreover, mind now, man, you're to touch that bell, they'll be here to see, have you got two thumbs?”

Monday smiled quietly, and held out his hands. The thumbs were safely on. Then he sighed, and beat his broom thoughtfully on the ground.

“I was at that trial, massa. That was brother Caesar; bad lot—very bad when his blood was up. Nebel liked white man after Captain of Thunderer gave him two hundred lash—blood always up after that.”

All at once, as we leaned over the balcony smoking, Ned, who was always full of fun and adventure, proposed a wild scheme.

“Suppose,” Fred said, holding his cigar up like a torch, “we wait till the moonrise—it rises early to-night, and it is a young one, it won't give too much light, and then we take a boat, pull to Blackwall Point, and see that old friend of ours, that horrid rascal, Monday; bad lot—very bad when his blood was up. Nebel liked white man after Captain of Thunderer gave him two hundred lash—blood always up after that.”

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